



DANGER, THIN ICE

An Ekphrastic Collaboration

Frederick Doerfler, Pittsburgh Photography Club - Concept
Sarah Rose, Pittsburgh Poetry Collective - Concept



**Pittsburgh
Photography
Club**



Published by
The Photographic Section of the Academy of Science and Art of Pittsburgh

DANGER, THIN ICE

An Ekphrastic Collaboration of *The Pittsburgh Photography Club* and *The Pittsburgh Poetry Collective*

Frederick Doerfler, Pittsburgh Photography Club - Concept

Sarah Rose, Pittsburgh Poetry Collective - Concept

Stu Chandler - Editing and Design

John Luff - Cover photograph

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Academy of Science and Art of Pittsburgh

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**The Photographic Section
of the
Academy of Science and Art of Pittsburgh**

**Presents DANGER, THIN ICE
A Collaboration of the Pittsburgh Photography Club
and the Pittsburgh Poetry Collective**

at the

109th Pittsburgh Salon of Photographic Art



2024



The Photographic Section of the Academy of Science and Arts of Pittsburgh is one of the oldest photography clubs in the world, meeting continuously since 1885. Our friends just call us the Pittsburgh Photography Club.

We are very excited to collaborate with the Pittsburgh Poetry Collective for this, the 109th offering of the Pittsburgh Salon of Photographic Art.



The Pittsburgh Poetry Collective exists to celebrate the power of your voice. We make and hold space for self-expression, identity exploration, & social justice via spoken word communities, poetry slams, writing & performance workshops, and poet showcases. We welcome any opportunity for lyrical mayhem and believe that poetry heals, speaks, connects, and shares our experiences, similarities, and differences.

As evocative as a photograph can be, the impact is different for everyone who sees it. As the creators of these visual works, we found ourselves wondering what those who express themselves through the poetic would see in our works. And our collaboration was born!

The photographers posted a variety of images, and the poets chose those that resonated with them and produced the poems you find here.

the work



**Pittsburgh
Photography
Club**

pghphoto.org



pghpoetry.org

Passage
Stu Chandler



The clack from three steps ago
Takes ages to reach my ears
Yet it lingers
Sounds can cast a longer shadow
Than LED fluorescence on tile

When I accumulate enough clicks
My figure will be a fleck
Faded from your vision
Like the color once in your
Lenses.

Leave the rose tint behind
Find the shapes you make
Behind the light in your eyes

Maybe I can turn the corner one day
Maybe someone else is walking
Down that hallway
We will embrace and
Strut towards a camera that knows
the blue pastel of my nails
The bismol pink of their lip

Or maybe it's more of the same
And the only taps I hear are the ones
I made three strides ago.

Full Moon in Disko Bay #15
Frederick Doerfler



Full Moon in Disko Bay #15
Joaquin

Know that when all the snow has melted
When the water saturates the wood that
Carries on across the waveless surface
When your little ruby sail is wrapped
around a sunken mast, know that
It will all still be here.

When we're dragged into the shallows
With fish kissing our feet, pressure
Mounting each moment know in your
Crushed heart that at the very least
When the bottom feeders have feasted
When our bones scatter into sand
That your sail will still be rubies.
That the moon will still be watching.

Daisy
Tim Anderson



In the stillness of the frozen hour,
Love lies suspended for us

No tick of clock nor passing of day,
Just frozen moments -the endless array

No rush, no hurry, no need to chase,
Just serenity in this space

In this frozen state we soon forget how loss feels.

Yesterday's sorrows- just tossed remains
petals thrown into still water do not move

In the stillness of this frozen hour,
Love stands suspended for us

Yet even here in this perfect space,
There's a whisper in my ear

Bodeguita
Stu Chandler



I saw you from the corner of my eye

Where the asphalt meets the sky,
The smell of engine oil is somehow familiar to me in this moment.

I can feel the warmth of the sidewalk through my shoes
It feels like the friction of gravity is holding me to the cracked
pavement

I saw you from the corner of my eye, but did I?

Born of hope and fueled by the extreme
Was this actually a dream?

I see the one I have missed the most in crowded streets and in the
line at the bodega on saturday mornings
I lock my gaze and realize they don't have the same eyebrows or
scar on their left hand.

No. Not you.

Today you moved quickly. Like my heartbeat.

I am more convinced it was you.

This grief is unexpressed love.

When I look down my shirt is covered in tears or sweat or both.

Horses Grazing
Cheryl Kelley



Stampede Harly

A stampede of wandering broncos rest on land unaltered by human hands,
There's no questions regarding whether their stallion or mare,
Or if they're ancestors were chargers or migrated,
They decided that journeying together was far more important than one
another's caste....

At times i feel like animals understand the beauty of life more then we do,
We say we tame horses, I say horses domesticate us,
They would probably roam the earth freely without human interference,
But history shown that we become settled when we can tame horses,
We never compare a horse's stride to a human , it's always the opposite,
We have several American teams who have horses as mascots because of
their perceived power,

I'd like to think this is also our way of acknowledging and paying homage to
those who helped build this nation,

Hopefully we learn to extend this same courtesy and kindness to each other,
Without horses,

We'd probably be the ones galloping through the nights,
Even though we aren't built too....

Hopefully like these horses,

We realize the importance of riding together,

Outweighs any bias as we charter in unchartered land....

Old Truck
Cheryl Kelley



Wrinkled Hands Harly

Old Rusted trucks bring me comfort,
Like my grandparents wrinkled hands,
And like my grandparents,
I often wish that old trucks could talk and tell me their story,

How they were trusted to guide soldiers through rugged roads,
How they were trusted to passenger farmers through unpaved paths,
How souls found peace looking at they sky while laying in their bed,
How families grew and changed, and the faces that was made when
ownership changed hands,

Life has taught me one of the greatest compliments you can be given is
someone saying
“They don’t make them like you no more”,
There’s something special, unique about you,
It’s like you capture everything now and classic,
When I see old trucks I feel that way,
I feel this same way about my grandparents,
And I wish both of them can sit somewhere in a pasture,
Unbothered forever, just look as unique, comfortable and as beautiful as
they are....

Follow The Light
Robert Borkoski



Twixt missed little-bits of time, the learner comes here to paint his battle portrait, ceramic pastel chime handled in silence.

Nokia Nostradamus and Mouse Five The Sick, with Abby And Berry And Charlise And Secttco, All watch their step through the tunnel beneath. You 'ought go Rome - If plans are passive as this. End impressing people who will know you exist. This is the first thing to let go off, when one comes to meet betwixt.

This is the covered archway hewn to a chuppa. Stone memory retains our body heat enough to build fires. Returning generations carrying Aum and Lumen. Am and Lament.

Two Cities
Frederick Doerfler



Two Cities
Kevin Compliment

And from the grave lot highest on the city structure, sit those founders unsung. Not bothered nor hoping that names be celebrated, or likeness depicted. After this many years alive, you learn all a'matter are those who have not yet earned their spot. In a place to remember all things forgot, releasing recollection as if thought. Never detached from the city amidst, and aside us. Glimmering color in escapes of light, push on a message as poi carrying eggs downstream into pools of fluorescent scaling. Still here, there are those meanings that escape even such a view, above and among all us. The marble becomes dust in time for us to thrive, I have done my best to till the soil anew in my time. Never having known, it was for you, cities two.

Echoes (artist William Rock)
Stu Chandler



Blue Hues
around the eyes
red rouge
raging
ripping meat off face and above teeth
re-opened
latches to caging
closed minds
mouth wide
onlookers
cowardly looking between the golden
Traps of captivating caps
Perhaps
If I
sized them up
fixed them to be lunch
eyes hypnotized
Mesmerized
Pulverized
Is that a Voluntary mission for them to be Unalive
in a museum watching me just wasting time
If only I were able to be launched out of this
jack in a box
spring upon their curiosity
like the curious George
they make me out to be
less
than animal
caged captured from habitat
Imagine THAT!
Why is it a habit of theirs to create a circus in society's head
filled with weird ideas of what domesticated animals would demonstrate if paid in peanuts and bananas for
entertainment?
Pay per view
Cheeks in Sassoon
Baboon
Red Lipstick
Chimp
Gorilla
Mandrill
Ape
Orangutan
Only
Boo boo the fool would
Reach out and touch somebody's hand
Make this world to better place
if you can
Can't change how history repeats
Silver coin flipped
can't get the silver back back
poor Harambee, poor child,
poor humanity's Fingertips
touching a frame focused on the wrong

Light Orb
Robert Borkoski



The vines

The leaves

The arches

The gate

The ground

Illuminated

Twist

Fall

Bend

Keep

Crawling

Vines that twist

Leaves that fall

The arches bend

The gate keeps it all

Reflecting from the aged metal

We can see

Paint chipping naturally

Bouncing acrobatically

That's what happens with time

when distractions

Combine

Spreading

All the energy

On the path

Darkness seeks

As mystery hides

A timeline stretched and rolled into a masterpiece of light

Deep Thoughts
Lisa Cirincione



Was I wild enough?

Was I kind enough?

Was I brave enough?

Was I hungry enough?

Did I dare to be wrong?

Did I do nothing?

Did I depend on too much?

Did I do what I should have?

Were there enough books read?

Were there enough people loved?

Were there enough places traveled?

Were there enough celebrations?

Who did I miss meeting?

Who did I waste my time with?

Who loved me as I loved them?

Who did I ruin?

What can be done now?

What happened to time?

What happened to me?

What will stop these lazily, gnashing thoughts from eating my soul?

Golden Wheat Fields Sunrise to Sunset #6
Richard Kale



Lost
Nora Tallmon

Over our earthbound, sandy, shorn pastures, populated by shaggy,
dun -colored sheep, I saw another world on the horizon.

A great, golden cloudscape settled to earth.
Undulating, shimmering, whispering, roiling and rolling,
swell after rolling
swell, after rolling
swell,
after rolling
swell
of bejewelled, whiskery heads compelling me--yes beaoning--truly
beseeching me to come,
come,
come here.


Twelve years old I ran, fleet footed as a fox,
slowing as I neared,
intimidated by the churning, vast, crowned king of grains,
seizing and thrusting and majestic and endless.

In I dove, crawling on my hands and knees--begging, praying,
yearning to become one with this living dream,
this kingdom,
this abyss of warm, gilded, sibilant power.
Pressed between scorching, dry earth and the lustrous, fierce,
imperious master of prairie grasses.
Finally lost.
Lost.
Gratefully lost.

Fences #2
Doug Sipes



14 gauge
Lori Beth



Sand fencing, slats worn smooth
I can break them in my soft city hands
Manicured distraction
And although they are fallen, the wind and I cannot pull
them apart

Abandoned Dreams 02
Nan Belli



There are four hundred and eighty minutes in eight hours
A beautiful woman wants me to spend all of them and more selling
roofing to a few hundred homes
Preferably
Paid daily
And I wonder how she plans to calculate squares of shingles
As I vanish and reappear between neighboring porches, obtaining
proof the info is delivered as required
Every two minutes at least
Broken is beautiful
Artsy black and white
Peeling lead labor value
Is this allowed?
I don't think anyone is supposed to be here.

Empire Sandy
Jay Kuntz



Those gentle waves
Rock us back and forth
Like babes in our mother's arms
But that great Sea
She's a fickle lover
Should you dine to court her
You'll find you go as she wills
For hell or high water

Now did you bend the knee and pay the fee
Pay homage to Poseidon king of the Sea's?
For she is his wife
But she will enact a price
Hopefully you will not find yourself sacrifice

Homewood Cemetery on a Summer Day
John Luff



Homewood Cemetery on a Summer Day
Doug Nuhfer

Danger Thin Ice

It's what the sign says

Yet, the scenery is that of a cool summer day

A innumerable amount of lily pads

With Death standing on the edge of life

Both living and dead intertwined

Into this exquisite cacophony of Mortality

Might there be a frog croaking

Or maybe a robin singing that mating call we all love

Could there be a woman weeping

Longing for her lover lost too soon

A man and child speaking in hushed tones

Coming to terms with their mother no longer there

Was the pond put in after the cemetery?


Or was the Cemetery added because of the pond?

Danger Life is the thin ice

We fall through before we know it

Above Seealpsee
Jim Moore





Gently restored, a welcome sight at the end of a beautiful hike
Steeped in centuries of customs and best practices
Costly community
High hospitality
Progress looks much like it has
Arduous, but with a stunning view
Inaccessible to many

the poets



Sarah Rose



Sarah Rose is a spoken word artist living on the sunny side of Pittsburgh. She is ranked among the top poets in the city and has competed at the National Poetry Slam in Atlanta GA. Sarah Rose has been published in multiple poetry compilations, been a regional competitor of The Moth storytelling series on NPR, is a member of the Steel City Storytellers and on the board of the Pittsburgh Poetry Collective. Her greatest accomplishments include being the mother of 5 teenagers, surviving a global pandemic, and having 27 followers on TikTok.

Kevin Compliment

Kevin Compliment hosted slam competitions with the Know-Eye poetry collective while attending The College of Wooster. Once discovering the slam scene was alive and well in almost any state he visited, Kevin rushed to find such a community in his hometown of Pittsburgh, PA. Soon Performing his first spoken word piece for a Steel City Slam event at The Shadow Lounge. Kevin maintains that the open mic is a sacred space of expression; that volunteered vulnerability, crowd and artist interaction, and the scene itself create strength. All credit due to the beat poets for encouraging snapping, and call-backs. Kevin embraces this excitable tradition with the hope that as the scene and traditions evolve, the sense of strength and community remain.



Joaquin

Taking his headshot right before a well-needed haircut, Joaquin Gotera is a Pittsburgh-native poet and a full-time undergraduate student at the University of Pittsburgh. Joaquin has been involved in the Pittsburgh Poetry Collective for more than two years, and this year had the privilege of being included in the board for the organization. Much of his work is lyrical, with a connection to rhythm and phonics. He would like to thank his mother, Sonia Gotera, for this connection to music as a mode of living, and his father, Eric Kochanowski, for his endless support and enabling of his antics.



Doug Nuhfer



Doug is a non-binary queer poet who likes a little sparkle in their life. While they spent much of their years with their head in the books seeking the past, they now spend most of their days in spreadsheets for the government and their nights as a board member of the PPC. You can generally find them covered in sawdust coaxing creations in their workshop or covered in dirt trying to dig up their yard for gardening. Their poetry usually is described as ethereal in nature but also speaks to the lived experience of the queer life.

Harly

Keivon “K-Harly/Harly” Brown is a poet that currently resides in Pittsburgh. Originally from “Smog City” Donora, Harly expresses himself through the mediums of Spoken Word, Photography, and Modeling. Harly notes Prince, Gil Scott-Heron, and Don Flemons as inspirations for his art. Harly notes that learning about the unspoken history and contributions that black soldiers, black cowboys, and black inventors have had on America fuels his Artistic Expression.



Nora Tallmon



Nora Tallmon has lived in 27 states and 5 countries...the universe has been very generous to her, giving her the chance to eat from dumpsters for years and work as a housekeeper, farm laborer and factory worker--and on the same circuitous and revelatory path--she's had a housekeeper and gardener, been a librarian, EMT, antique dealer, speech writer, published poet, journalist, wife of 47 yrs and proud mother, grandmother and friend.

IncoMEplete

IncoMEplete is a Pittsburgh native, a board member of the Pittsburgh Poetry Collective, event host, writer, and poet. Her artistic expression as a poet is a method of coping with trauma and overcoming the emotional challenges stemming from the loss caused by gun violence.

She shares and creates pieces for purpose, navigating safe spaces throughout the city spreading awareness of various struggles and issues of society affecting everyday life. IncoMEplete gives hope one piece at a time through her spoken word art.

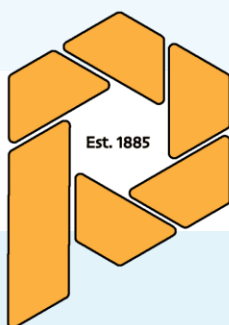


Lori Beth



Lori Beth Jones has been serving sass and celebration almost weekly as a longtime emcee and co-Slammaster of the Steel City Poetry Slam. Always seeking to share her love of performance and community, she is a founding member of the Cultural District 2 Committee, a group that is devoted to bringing arts events to Pittsburgh's western neighborhoods. Lori Beth got involved in Pittsburgh's poetry community because of her natural talent for filling out forms on time and stayed for the Liner Notes showcase. She can also be found co-producing the monthly Poetry & Pints reading that encourages first-time and new readers of all genres. Lori Beth is honored to be included in this program.

the photographers



**Pittsburgh
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Tim Anderson

The usual way I make any photograph involves using a large format view camera and dedicating several hours in my darkroom. My serious pursuit of photography began in 1978 when I joined the Photographic Section of the Academy of Science and Art of Pittsburgh. At that time, 35 mm slides of Pymatuning, and Ohio Pyle State Parks were my subjects of choice. In April 1993, I moved up in format with a 4x5 Crown Graphic. By August 1999, I moved up again in format again with an 8x10 Century Field camera. My first 8x10 negative was from along Slippery Rock Creek in McConnell's Mill State Park. My quest for the ultimate in photographic quality continues. Between 2008 and Christmas 2010, I built my ultra large format camera for 11x14 and 14x17 negatives. I built another large format in the winter of 2017-2018, an 11x14. My current exhibition Spanish Graffiti is at the Bridgeville Public Library through November 2018, was achieved using the digital camera built into my LG-G6 cell phone. I started to experiment with lumen prints in the spring of 2018. Lumen prints are camera free.

Nan Belli

Born and raised in Western Pennsylvania, Nan Belli began her journey as a photographer when she first picked up a Minolta film camera shortly after graduating high school. Since that moment, photography has been an extension of her creative vision and a lasting passion.

Nan experienced a reawakening of her creative spirit when she attended the 2017 Photographic Society of America conference in the city of Pittsburgh, PA. The exposure to the works of talented photographers from across the globe, and the exchange of ideas and techniques, breathed new life into her artistic endeavors.

Nan's photography ranges from urban scenes, cityscapes, and street portraits to the tranquil scenery of nature. Through her lens, she aims to share the beauty that surrounds us, whether it's in the urban hustle or the natural world. Ultimately, she likes to think of her work as a celebration of life's rich tapestry and an exploration of the vibrant landscapes that have shaped her life.



Robert Borkoski



I'm a 1977 graduate from Penn State with a BFA in Graphic Design, this is back when I had to explain what graphic design was. That major required taking several 35mm photography courses. I enjoyed photography so much I considered switching majors. I taught graphic design related courses at The Art Institute of Pittsburgh from 1981 - 1983. Since being "on staff" I could drop into any of the schools photography courses, which I did. Next I was Art Director at Blattner Brunner (now just BRUNNER) It is here that I got to work with a number of local studio photographers and got to see first hand just what it takes behind the lens to get the job done.

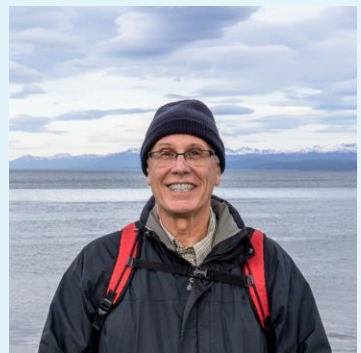
After that I took a position in 1993 at VEKA Inc an international building products company. It was in the year 2000 that VEKA sent me to Alaska to photograph a half dozen building sites featuring our customers window and door products and how they "stand up" to the elements. Being in Alaska is what rekindled my interest in photography which I had fallen away from in the late 1980s.

My passion was for the outdoors, cross-county skiing, camping, hiking and cycling drove my photography for many years in capturing the great landscapes. My career as a graphic designer/art director took me in the direction of creating art usually beginning with my camera.

Stu Chandler

I've been fortunate to travel the world, always with a camera in one hand, usually a cup of coffee in the other. Several years ago, I closed the chapter on my engineering career and am now free to explore the world through the eyes of an artist.

I seek to create images with a sense of place, interest, moment, drama, beauty. Through the digital darkroom, I embrace the freedom to shape an image to realize the full potential of a scene, with no apologies.



Lisa Marie Cirincione



My name is Lisa Marie Cirincione, from Pittsburgh, PA. I moved to State College in 2015 to live with my husband Mark, who is from there. I graduated from Indiana University of Pennsylvania (IUP) in 1985 with a B.S. in Communications Media and from Duquesne University (Pennsylvania) in 1990 with an M.S. in Education. I have worked in the television industry since 1985, mainly as an independent contractor for sports events on NBC, CBS, ABC, FOX, ESPN, Tennis Channel and Golf Channel. Some events I have worked are Olympics, Wimbledon, French Open, NFL, NBA, NHL, MLB games, including Super Bowls, World Series, Stanley Cups, and NBA Finals.

For 35+ years, I've been very fortunate to travel for work. I've always had a camera with me as I've traveled through Pittsburgh, Paris and many other places. I've been to 6 continents, 25 countries/ territories and 48 U.S. states. I enjoy documenting my travels, showing the culture, landscape, architecture & people of other places and sharing these images with family and friends.

I am a member of the New Ken Camera Club, in my hometown of New Kensington, PA; a member of the State College Photo Club, State College, PA; and the Pittsburgh Photo Club, Pittsburgh, PA.

I have been a member of PSA since 2017, when the conference was in Pittsburgh. I've been to 5 PSA conferences, the first PSA-PG in India, and achieved my QPSA and AFIAP in 2021. I am the editor of the PTD News Column in the PSA Journal and the Editor of the PTD Newsletter, The Photo Traveler. I also administer Digital Dialogue Group 85 and am a member of the PTD Image Discussion Groups.

I enjoy learning new photography techniques, new technology, and also the old school ways of film and darkroom. I believe the "best camera is the one you have with you & always look for the light!"

Frederick Doerfler

I have been an avid amateur photographer for about 12 years. I started my path in photography taking pictures of our children playing sports and cheerleading about 16 years ago. What started as recording family memories developed into a fanatical hobby when I became incessantly interested in landscapes and travel photography. Looking back, photography also interested me as a teen and during college. But photography was expensive then and I had other pathways to walk first. I am a physician and I find photography helps me forget the stresses of healthcare. Taking pictures is fun and very relaxing. Through the years I have learned other genres and other photographic and post-processing methods and want to continue to learn. In addition, I am current President of the Pittsburgh Photography Club and enjoy this immensely.



Richard Kale



I think that I have been making photographs ever since I borrowed my parents Kodak Brownie Camera many years ago and have never stopped clicking.

Among my passions are photography and travel. I have been very fortunate to have visited many parts of our world. I have documented these adventures with countless images and transformed them into Tabletop Photography Books. Whether it is planning the composition and lighting of an image, editing the photos to create memories, or arranging the details of the journey it never ceases to be exciting.

As well as travel and cultural photography, I also enjoy wildlife, nature, landscape, macro and still life photography.

“There is an amazing photograph in every minute along the way.”

Cheryl Kelley

When I go on a walk-about with my camera, I open my eyes to all that is around me, with little or no expectations, keeping an open mind.

I am drawn to texture, beauty, grace and emotions in all forms. I feel that my photos are telling a story, their story, which is up to us to interpret in our own way.

All these photographs were taken in different places, different states, but none of that makes a difference to me. It was never the location, but rather the emotion, the strength, the beauty, that the image evoked in me.



Jay Kunz



I challenge myself to capture subjects that are not nouns. Power, emotions, character, and strength. My attempt with a camera is to be a visual communicator who can capture the layers of a story in a still image. For me, photography is about seeing the light, shadows, and form while trying to infuse the unseen aspects of an image for myself and the viewer.

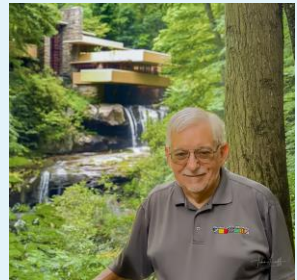
In these images of sailboats I have submitted for your consideration, the power of nature engages with the forms of sailboats. I can easily remember the satisfaction of snapping the shutter and realizing I had captured what I had seen in my mind. Memory is also an unseen force.

John Luff

I retired after a long career in television technology, and returned to concentrate on photography as a hobby, one that I have had for more than 60 years. I find having a creative outlet to be the antithesis of running a small business, where time is available for serious exploration of my abilities and the world around me, without the demands careers place on us for most of our adult lives.

For me, photography is about several overlapping imperatives. First, finding and representing scenes with visual interest and the interplay of light with what I bring as tools. Second, it is about remembering the way I felt about the scene and trying to make the print, or digital image, give the viewer the same feeling I had when I found the scene. Lastly, it is about using the tools I have, not to create a perfect copy, but to enhance as appropriate the image to tell the story about what the picture represents, allowing me to remember in the fullest sense, that is to 'put together again' (re-member) what I saw and felt, transporting myself and the viewer to another place and time. It is about freezing the moment, that Heraclitus described so well when he said, "No man ever steps in the same river twice, for it's not the same river and he's not the same man."

This series of images, captured for a photography class project in 2022, were taken in the Homewood Cemetery, around a pond that sits between areas where the only part of the natural world to see are trees and the fields of grave markers. The pond has a few benches for people to sit and contemplate the nature of the World and our temporary place in it. I found it a reassuring and comfortable place to simply appreciate the wispy nature of the human condition, in an appropriate setting.



Jim Moore

My name is Jim Moore and I took up photography in 2016, inspired by my son, who is now a Director of Photography in Nashville, TN. My professional career is engineering and most of my other hobbies revolve around sports, but I am so thankful to have found photography!

When I bought my first camera I decided to join the Pittsburgh Photography club. The members have been so helpful in assisting me with my new craft. I also enjoy the artistic nature of photography and the club, it is a welcome addition to my engineering and sports passions.

Most of my photography reflects landscapes from my travels with my wife, Lisa. My Seealpsee series is a collection of photos from a hiking day my wife and I experienced in August, 2023 near Appenzell, Switzerland.



Douglas E. Sipes



I was interested in photography as a youth, but it wasn't until I bought my first SLR in 1980 that I became enthralled with the science and art of photography. I soon joined the Simsbury (CT) Camera Club and later the Photographic Society of America (PSA), earning in 1988 my First Star in the PSA's Color Slide Division. I pointed my camera at everything; I was intrigued by light, line, form, and color. I also dabbled in wedding photography. In time, my main subject matter turned to children — my children, during those all too brief years that they spend with their parents. Now I'm back to shooting "everything", but I am most drawn to the transitory and ephemeral: striving to capture fleeting moments, even unseeable moments; subjects in motion or subjects given movement by the camera; images depicting that which is not readily seen. The challenge is to make images of common subjects that are unique and uniquely mine.

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